

32

The Parliament of Bydes.



The first thing that I saw
And saw the first thing that I saw
For the first time I saw
The first thing that I saw

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S. G. S. d. 57. 17. 440

This is the parliament of byrdes
For hye and lowe and them amydde
To ordayne a meane how it is best
To keepe among them peace and rest
For myche noyse is on every syde
Agaynst the hauke so full of pride
Therfore they shall in bolles bring,
Theyr complaints to the Eagle theyr kyng
And by the kyng in parliament
Shall be sette in laborious Judgement.

The Grype.

The great Grype was the fyrst that spake,
And sayd owne is owne, who can it take.
For thynne and myne, make much debate,
Wyth great and small in every estate.

The Cuckow.

I songe sayd the Cuckow euer one song
That the weake taketh euer the wrong
For he that hath wyth vs most myght,
Taketh his wyll, as reason is ryght.

The fawcon.

Than answered the fawcon to that same,
That pleaseth a Prynce, is iust and law,
And he that can no song but one,
Whan he hath song, his wytte is gone.

The Commons.

Than all the byrdes that could speake
Said, the Hauke doth vs great weake,
Of them so many diuers there be,
That no foule nor byrde may fro them flye.
The

The hauke

The hauke answered the making pre
Where is many wordes the trouth goeth by
And better it were to seace of language sone
than speake and repent tohan thou hast done.

The sterlyng

Than sayd the sterlyng berament
Who sayth so walbe went,
No man maye now speake of trouth,
But his heade be broke, and that is routh.

The hauke

The Hauke's wage by his heade of graye,
All soother he not for to saye,
It is better some be lette by reason
Than trouth to be spoken out of season.

The Dopyng

Than spake the Dopyng of paradyse,
Who sayth bytell he is wyse,
For lytle money is soone spende
And fewe wordes are soone amend

The hauke

The hauke bad for drede of payne
Speake not to much of thy souerayne
for who that will forge tales new,
Whan he weneth least his tale may be rewe.

The commons

They despyed al the Bydes great and smal
to wete the hauke for good and all
A place alone we woulde be had
For his counsell to us was neuer glad.

The Hauke.

The Hauke answered, ye fail, ye fail al wille,
It is no tyme to me we haukes yet.
Commons, of haukes can but lytle skyll,
They shall not rule them as they wyl.

The Nychtyngeale.

Anone than sang the Nychtyngeale,
With notes many great and fineale,
That byrde that can well speake, and synge,
Shall be cheryshed with quene and kynge.

The Hauke.

The Hauke answered with great fury,
The souge is nought that is not mery,
And who so no better synge can,
Maketh litle chere to any man.

The Dove.

Than combled the Dove for her lot,
Folke may be mery and synge not,
And who so hath no good voyce,
Must make mery with litle noyse.

The Hauke.

Whan this reason was forth shewed,
Lerne (quod the Hauke) or ye be lewed,
For the byrde that can not speake nor synge,
Shall to the kytyche to serue the kynge.

The fesaunt.

Than crowed the fesaunt in the wood,
Doinne men he sayde getteth lytle good,
Woode nor water nor other foode,
It fleteth from hyu as doeth the floode,

the

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayd whan all is fought,
Great crows were neuer ought,
For I swere by my self,
He is not most wyle that is most self.

The moose Cocks

Than crowsed agayne the Moose Cocks,
The Hauke bringeth much thing out of nock,
The Wyll whysleth and bydes blake,
He must haue a do, that a do doth make.

The Hauke.

I must sayd the Hauke, buy all my belles,
Say for my selfe, for none wyll elles,
He is not greatly to repene,
That speaketh with his soueraynes leue.

The Byttur.

Than blushed the Byttur in the fenne,
The Cote, the Bobchick, and the water Hen,
The Hauke that doeth vs all this dere,
We woulde be were souled in the myre.

The Hauke

The Hauke sayd wylfours want wyll,
Whether they speake loude or still,
Whan all this done was sayde and laste,
Euery man must lye by his craft.

The Malards.

Than creked the Malards and the Goose,
They may best lye that are lose,
He is well that is at large,
That nedeth not the kynges great charge.

The hauke.

The hauke sayd, though they flye lose,
they must obeie they maye not chose
Who hath a maister or a make,
He is tyed by the stake.

The Heron.

Than creeped the Heron and the Crane
Great trouble make wittes lame
He is well aduysed that can beare hyin lobe,
And suffer euery wynde to ouer blow.

The hauke.

The hauke sayd, who can blow to please,
Long neckes done great ease,
For the commons that hath no rest
Meaneth not euer with the best.

The Pattriche, Quayle

and Larke.

The Pattriche Quayle and Larke in felde
Said, her may not auayle but spere and weld
the hauke with vs maketh great battayle.
In euery countrey, where he maye auayle.

The hauke.

The hauke sayd who so wilfully wyl fight
May make hym wrong soone of right
Lawe is best I vnderstande,
To ryght all in euery lande.

The Robyn and the Wren.

Than chydde the Robyn and the Wren,
And all small byrdes that beate penne,
Against the hauke the commons must styll

And

And helpe them selfe in theyr best wyse.
The hauke.

The Hauke made the Wyenne his answer
Small power may lytle here.
And who wyll liue in rest longe.
Maye not be desy with his tonge.

The commons.

Than prayed all the common house.
That some myght the hauke fouse.
For some nor by? de by water nor lande.
He wyll leaue a lyue and he myght stande.
In his nest inape none abyde
In country where he doth glyde.
Theyr fethers he plucketh many a folde.
And leaueth them naked in full great colde.
We thinke therfore by reason good.
To distroy the Hauke and all his blood.

The kyng and his lordes
The kyng and his lordes answered anone.
States may not the hauke forgone.
Nor by no lawe his kinde destroye.
Nor deme him selfe for to dye.
And put him to none other distresse.
But kepe him in a payre of Jesse.
That he shal nott a no byde about.
Except his keeper let him out.

The Countesse
Than sayde the Countesse
Lytle money lytle laue.
For here is nought is with friends nor foe.
But

But go bet peny go bet go.

The Hauke.

Thou Corrupte quod the Hauke by thy toll
Say weil, or holde thee still,
Thou hast harde of many a man,
A tonge breaketh bone, and it selfe hath none.

The Kyng.

Then answered the king, & the birds a roo
Why cometh not to the parliament the Crow
For good counsell resourmeth every mysse,
And it betokeneth where it is.

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayde it is not lesse,
Counsell is good in warre and peace,
But the Crow hath no brayne,
For to gyue counsell out of the rapne.

The Night Wale.

Than said the night wale with his bed gay,
He nameth vs with his parliament day,
It is a tyme with John and Jacke,
Broken sleue, dyeth arme a backe.

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayde he will chynne folle,
that looketh to keepe a great estate,
And can not wyth all his wisdom,
Gette hym selfe in hole gone.

The Decore and the Swanne.

Than sayde the Decore and the Swanne
Who no good hath, no good cannyon
And lytle is his wyte let up,

That

That hath not to beare out company.

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayde he is worse than wood,
That maketh him fresh with other mē's good,
Or ought wyl bozowe and neuer paye,
Or with wronge getteth gallant araye.

The Specke.

Than in his hole sayd the Specke,
I woulde the hauke brake his necke.
Or brought vnto some myscheuous dale,
For of euery byrde he telleth a tale.

The Hauke.

The Hauke said though thy castel be in þe tie
Byrde not aboue thy degree,
For who so he roeth ouer hye,
The chippes wyl fall in his eye.

The Kyng.

Then sayde the kyng it is our entent,
To amende the Crowes rayment,
And all the Byrdes sayde anone,
Of eche of our fethers be shall haue one.

The Hauke.

The Hauke said he may sone come to honestie,
That euery man helpeth in his poste,
For as teacheth vs the learned clerke
Many handes maketh lyght wecke.

The Tytyster.

I say sayd the Tytyster we kentyshe men,
We may not gette the Crow a penne,
For with them that are sober and good,

any more

B.f.

A Byrde

A byrde in hande is worth two in the wood,
The Hauke.

The Hauke sayde I take me to my crede,
Who so will spende with you he may sprede,
Lytle ye gye but ye wote whye,
Ye make the blynde eate many a flye.

The Crowe.

Than the Crowe was put in his araye,
I am not now as I was yesterdaye.
I am able without offence,
To speake in the kynges presence.

The Hauke

The Hauke sayd to the commons by Dene,
Envy and pryde would fayne be sene,
He is worthe none audience to haue,
That can not save but knaue knaue.

The Commons.

Than asked the byrdes by aduysment,
Who is that taketh to vs no sent,
He presumeth before vs all to stye,
To the kynges hyghe maiesty.

The Hauke.

The Hauke answered to the white seame ha
It is the sovy blacke Crowe,
And for him fareth no man the better,
Let hym crowe therfore neuer the greater.

The Lordes.

Than sayde the Lordes everychone,
We wyll aske of the kyng above,
That every byrde shall resume,

A gayne

Agayne his fether and his plume,
And make the crowe agayne a knave.
For he that nought hath nought shal haue,
The Hauke.

Than sayd the Hauke as some sayne,
Borrowed ware wyl home agayne,
And who wyl herken what euery man doose
Shal go helpe to shoo the goos.

The Cozmozaunt.
For the Crowe spake the Cozmozaunt,
And of his rule made great auaunt,
Such worship is reson that euery man haue
As the kynges highnes vouchsaue.

The Hauke.
It is sothe sayd the hauke that thou doest say
Whan all turneth to spozte and playe,
Thou mayst leste speake for the crows pelse
For all thinge loueth that is lyke it selfe.

The hole parlyment.
Than prayed the hole parlyment,
To the kyng with one assent,
That euery byrde her fether myght,
Take from that proude knyght.

The kyng.
The kyng sayde ye shal leue haue,
A knyght shoulde neuer come of a knave,
All thyng wyl shewe fro whence it come,
Where is his place and his home.

The Hauke.
Nowe trewly sayde the Hauke than,
B.H.

It is a great comforte to all men,
Of the kynges great prosperite,
Whan the kyng euleth wel his communalte
Than was plucked from the Crowe anon,
All his fethers by one and by one,
And lesse all blacke in sheede of red,
And called him a page of the fyrst head.

The Hauke.

Quod the Hauke the Crowe is now as he
A kynde knave in his degree, (shuld be
And he that weneth no byrde is hym lyke,
When his fethers are plucked he may him go

The Commons. (pise

Than made the Commons great noyse,
And asked of the Lordes with one voyce,
That they woulde the hauke exple,
Out of this lande many a myle,
Never to come agayne hyther,
But the kyng sente to him thetether,
Hym to trust we haue no theson,
For it is proued in trust is treason,
And sythe ye saye he shall not dye,
Plucke of his hokes and let hym flye,

The Lordes.

To that sayde the Lordes we pretende,
This statute and other to amende,
So in this that ye accorde,
To put all to our souerayne Lorde.

The Commons.

The commons sayde it is greate skyll,

All

All chynge to be at the kynges wyll,
And vnder the hande of his greate myght,
By grace the people to seke theyr ryght.

The Hauke.

Chan sayde the Hauke now to, now fro,
Thus goeth the worlde in well and wo.

The kyng.

Chan sayd the kyng in his maiesty,
We wyll disseuer this greate sembly,
He commaunded his chancelere,
The best statutes to rede that he myght here
Thus the synall Iudgemente,
He redde of the byrdes parlyment,
Whether they be whyte or blacke
None shall others fethers take,
Nor the Rauen plucke the Decoys fayne,
To make him freshe for his auayle,
For the Commons fethers want,
For wyth some they be right skant.

The Jape.

Thus sayeth the chosen of the Jape,
That none shall vse others arape,
For who so mounteth wyth Eagle an hye,
Shall fayne fethers whan he woulde flye.

Sapiencia.

Be not greddy glede to gader,
For good sadeth and foules fether,
And though thy fether be not gaye,
Haue none enuye at the Swannes arap,

Concludent.

B.iii.

for

For though he an astryche may rafe naye,
Wrath wyll plucke his wynges and faye,
And yf thou lye in swalowes nest,
Let not sleuth in thy fethers rest.
Betwix as turtyle in thy kynde,
For lust wyll part as fethers in wynde,
And he that is a glotonous gull,
Death wyll soone his fethers pull,
Though he be as hasty as a wippe,
And the fethers shalght rype,
Loke thy fethers and wytyng be dene,
What they saye and what they mene,
For here is none other thyng,
But fowles fethers and wytyng,
Thus endeth the byrdes parliment,
By the kynges commaundement.

CImprynted at London for
Antony kytson.

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446 leaves

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